

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Subscription, 75 cents a year..... Payable in advance

VOL. XIX

MARCH, 1929

NO. 2

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Editorial

Easter, the glorious festival of Spring-time, is at hand, and loyal hearts of God's great universe chant allelujahs and throb with renewed life and holy joy. How different from the sorrowful hymns of the holy season of Lent! Spring is the season of awakening life, a time of budding hopes and beautiful dreams, and it is a fitting coincidence that the name of its festal harbinger should have sprung from a term singifying "goddess of Spring."

The celebration of Easter, like that of Christmas, is universal, and is characterized by a degree of the same world-wide practice, interchange of greetings and favours. In the observance of this feast a unique array of lovely emblems and quaint customs portray the true Easter spirit. The gentle dove, typical of peace, the stately and spotless lily suggestive of dignity and purity, the brown-clad bunny of the wild woods, and the domestic feathered favourites, the duckling and chick, betokening innocence and simplicity, are prominent in decorative designs peculiar to this great festival, Easter. They are intended

to bring about a revival of the lofty sentiments portrayed by them, and placed by God in the human heart.

The exact origin of the customary use of eggs at Easter time has never been fully explained. Various reasons are recounted, one of the simplest being—that as eggs are essentially a breakfast dish, they are an appropriate food with which to break the Lenten fast. Another reason is—that they are a symbol of life. Then there is the custom or desire of donning new clothes in honor of the occasion. This is a perfectly natural impulse and quite in keeping with the season's spirit of newness, and is impelled by the same instinct that makes spring flowers blossom forth in new loveliness.

These, however, are but material features in the celebration of the great festival. Its real grandeur, sublimity and significance arise from its observance as a church festival. In this it is rich in rites and ceremonies, many of which originated in the dim days of antiquity and still fittingly commemorate the glorious rebirth of the risen Christ. Resurrection day brings the perfect fulfillment and triumphant fruition of Christmas day, and sets at once and forever the indissoluble seal of Divinity on the miracles wrought by the wonder-working God-Man. Catholics love to dwell on the tale that Easter tells. Their faith is ever strengthened and renewed by the story of the tomb, the story of One who died that they might win Eternal Life. They rejoice that a great heart that once ceased to pulsate again begin to beat, that love and life shone once more through the eyes from which the light had vanished. By his life, death and resurrection, our Lord and Saviour taught us that God is the God, not only of the dead but also of the living. This belief inspires men's souls with holy yearnings and noble aspirations, while the knowledge that there is a Power greater than death calls forth the exclamation,—

“O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?”

(Ed. Note.—We wish to draw attention to a short poem entitled “A Christmas Wish” inserted in the December edition of Red and White. Due to a misunderstanding on the part of the staff, these lines were put in as the original production of one of the students, whereas they

were intended as a quotation at the end of an article, which could not be printed because of the lack of space. We regret that the above-mentioned error has occurred, and hope that our explanation will suffice to correct any wrong impressions that may have been received by our readers.)

Red and White extends to all its Advertisers, Contributors, Subscribers, and to the Faculty and Students of St. Dunstan's, sincere wishes for a joyous Easter.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.
—Baillie.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
—Bryant.

He to my mind an equal sin doth show:
Who, when a guest would linger, hints good-bye;
And who, if one desires to part, says no.
—Homer

